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“Ani JEHOVAH Ropheka.”

‘I am the LORD that healeth thee.’ Ex. xv: 26.

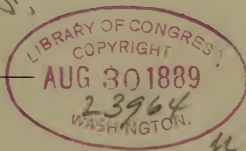


JESUS A PHYSICIAN.

THE EXPERIENCE OF

MRS. ANNA L. THOMPSON.

*Buy S. F. S.
Hartwick.*



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The following sketch is presented for the honor of Jesus. The subject of it desires that he, and not herself, shall be seen in the whole. May God give it wings, as a narrative of his grace, that it may bring the knowledge of his loving kindness and saving power to his needy ones everywhere.

JESUS A PHYSICIAN.

The Experience of Mrs. Anna L. Thompson.

CHAPTER I.

Healed after Eighteen Years of Suffering.

Even when a child I felt that the Lord intended to send me out into his work. I often had thoughts of going to India as a missionary. I would sometimes go off alone and pray, and at such seasons had great freedom with the Lord. It almost seemed as if I could hear him tell me his will.

After I had grown up I had much sorrow. My first husband died in Andersonville prison. I afterwards married again, assuming my present name. In the year 1863, a short time after my second marriage, I was going with a friend one evening to the post-office in the village of Sheakleyville, Mercer County, Pennsylvania. We had

occasion to cross a bridge over the creek. A horse had broken through the bridge, and a portion of the timber had been taken away in preparation for repairing. On account of the darkness we did not see a board which had been placed in warning of the danger. Both of us fell through. The distance of the fall was about twenty-two feet. My companion fell into the muddy bottom of the creek, and was less severely hurt than I, though she has never been well since. I struck the back of my neck on a log, and was taken home insensible. The results were very serious. Physicians differed in their views of the case; but my spine was injured, and I was otherwise hurt internally. I had chills, lost my voice for a long time, and my sufferings were very great. Sometimes I lay insensible, my friends having to work with me to bring me to consciousness. Many times I have had these attacks in church, and have been carried out. A physician from Jamestown, Pennsylvania, said that my lungs were affected, and pronounced my disease quick consumption. From the day of my injury for eighteen years I was an invalid.

In the year 1872 we removed to Erie. For several years I continued a sufferer, able most of the time to go about, but sometimes in bed, and never waking up in the morning without pain. In the year 1879 a female physician, electropathic, took my case in charge. She believed that the difficulty was spinal, and was encouraged to think that with her method of treatment she could deal with it. Her efforts, however, did not prove successful; and, after consultation with another physician, the existence of an internal tumor was discovered, the result, as they believed, of my fall. I submitted to a surgical operation, and the tumor was removed. At first the sore gave promise of healing, but it broke out again, and, several physicians, pronounced it a cancer. The afflicted part was greatly swollen, and my body distorted. It seemed as if I suffered every thing I could suffer, and live.

After the operation I remained in the physician's house for five weeks, becoming so much worse that my friends thought I could not live. I was then taken home, and my family physician, a homeopathist, was called to attend me. I re-

mained at home for something over three months when the doctor advised removal to a hospital, as it was impossible for me to have the requisite attention at home. He gave me the encouragement of his opinion that if I should go, I might, with careful nursing, get upon my feet again, but he said that I should never be well. Other physicians, however, did not think it possible that I could ever stand again. The only hospital in Erie was one under Roman Catholic management. To this I was taken on Friday, the ninth day of January, 1880, a day well fixed in my memory. In my diary, under that date, is the following: "Dreary day. Very homesick. Sisters very kind to me. What should I do without thee, my dear Saviour!"

I continued in the hospital over four months. The whole period of this sickness was about nine months. During the greater part of this time I could not sit up, could not move from side to side, or turn at all, but was compelled to lie constantly on my back. I had never heard of any one being healed by faith in Jesus. I should have thought it a sin to ask to be relieved from

my sickness. I believed it was God's will for me to lie there and suffer, and I would pray for patience and cheerfulness, that those who came to see me might not see the agony on my face. Praise God! He answered the prayer. If I had not thought it God's will for me to suffer, I should not have been able to bear it. I would pray that the Lord would bless the means used. Just before taking the medicine I would say to the nurse, wait, Sister, till I pray. The Lord would always answer the prayer with a sense of peace and a consciousness that he had heard. It seems wonderful as I think of it. I always kept my little Bible under my pillow or in my hand. When I was in such suffering that I could not pray I would hold the Bible close to my bosom.

At the time I commenced to receive the electrical treatment I was in the habit of visiting a girl in the Home of the Friendless, who was sick with consumption. I used to read the Bible, and sing for her. Just before she died she gave me a copy of the following piece of poetry, which she prized very highly.

THE GUIDING HAND.

1.

Is this the way, my Father? —

'Tis, my child ;

Thou must pass through this tangled, dreary wild,

If thou wouldst reach the city undefiled,

Thy peaceful home above.

2.

But foes are all around. —

Yes, child, I know :

Where least expecting, there thou'lt find a foe ;

But victor thou shalt prove o'er all below,

Only seek strength above.

3.

My Father, it is dark. —

Child, take my hand ;

Cling close to me. I'll lead thee through the land ;

Trust my all-seeing care ; so shalt thou stand

Midst glory bright above.

4.

My footsteps seem to slide. —

Child, only raise

Thine eye to me, then in these slippery ways

I'll hold thy goings up ; and thou shalt praise

Me for each step, above.

5.

Father, I faint.—

Child, then incline thy head
Upon my breast. It was my love that spread
Thy rugged path ; hope on till I have said,
Rest, rest, for ever rest.

These lines were now of great comfort to me. Often when despondent I repeated the words, "My Father, it is dark." Then the answer would seem to come back to me, "Child, take my hand."

One day I asked the Lord to give me some promise from his Word, if it was his will that I should ever be able to walk. I opened my Bible, and the word given me was (Joel iii : 13, 14), "Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe : come, get you down ; for the press is full, the fats overflow ; for their wickedness is great. Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision : for the day of the LORD is near in the valley of decision." (*See Note 1, p. 86.*) I could not understand what this meant. Then the thought came that I was to put in the sickle ; but I wondered how I could do it lying there. I prayed the Lord

to show me if there was anything that I could do. Just then one of the Sisters came in. I looked up and said, Sister, oh, I wish you were acquainted with my Saviour! She replied, "Mrs. Thompson, I have often thought if you only had the true religion, how much good you could do in visiting the sick." I told her that if I got well I should spend the remainder of my life in visiting the sick; and that I also had thought of her, how different it would be with her if she only knew my Saviour. This was the Sister who used to bring my meals. Other words of kindness passed between us, and that evening she came to me and said, "Mrs. Thompson, I wish you would say one of your prayers for me." As I prayed for her she was deeply affected, and wept. After that another Sister took her place in bringing my meals, so that I did not meet her as before.

The Sisters were very attentive to me in my sickness. The head nurse Sister Jerome, one day brought me a piece of poetry, requesting me to keep it by my bed, and read it whenever I should be discouraged. I accepted it, and pasted it in my little Bible. This sister has since been

made Lady Superior. I regarded her as having many noble traits of character. The verses were the following :

FAINT NOT, FEAR NOT.

Life's sky may now be dark and dreary,
Life's journey rough — thy feet aweary ;
Faint not, fear not, nor give thy soul to sorrow,
Life's sky, though dark to-day, may brighter be
to-morrow,

The path thou treadest with such pain to-day,
Thou'lt smoother find when further on thy
way.

Life's star may now seem sinking slowly,
Its starry light extinguished wholly ;
Faint not, fear not, nor give thee to repining.
In time 'twill rise — there'll be a future shining,
Life's course shall then no longer dark or
dang'rous be ;

Onward canst thou march, and face eternity.

Life's sun a sad eclipse may suffer,
The world no friendly hand may offer ;
Faint not, fear not, nor wear the look of sadness,

Hope on ; in store for thee there's many an hour
of gladness ;

Thy eye shall scarce have strength one day
to bear

The look of glory bright life's sun shall wear.

Fear not, faint not, there's One that's near thee
To succor give, and kindly cheer thee ;

To Him appeal ; and, oh ! thy path so dreary,
Thy path so dark, so lonely, sad and weary,

Will seem of roses rich, of roses rare ;

Courage, then ; nor yield thee to despair.

Fear not, faint not, whate'er assail thee,

Nor backward turn — 'twill ne'er avail thee ;

Faint not, fear not, nor shrink before life's crosses ;

Life's ledger, know, is marked by gains and losses.

Look up, and bravely struggle to the last,

Thou wilt rejoice when all the danger's past.

In asking the Lord what to do for Him, I thought of singing. So the Sisters would open the doors in the halls that the patients might hear, and I would sing for them. I frequently sang, "Must I go, and empty-handed ?"

There was a man there who had a cancer in his hand. He was very fond of music. Whenever they were about to dress his hand he would request them to open the doors and ask "that little woman down stairs" to sing. It helped him bear the pain. The day I left the hospital he became very much dejected, and said that the light of the house had gone out. Thus the Lord gave me real service to do.

The Sisters, under the direction of a physician, taught me to walk. They first straightened my lower limbs, then standing before me, they would hold out their hands, and teach me to take one step at a time, just as one would teach a baby. In this way I became able, several weeks before leaving the hospital, to walk around the room by pushing a chair before me. At the time I left I was able to walk by taking some one's arm. I walked from the hospital to my home. My strength had gradually increased to this point. I left on the fourteenth day of May, 1880. Since my healing I have been several times to pray with the sick there. I was now able to walk perhaps two or three squares, but I was subject to

severe paroxysms of pain, sometimes requiring two persons to hold me.

Up to this time I had known very little of healing through faith in Jesus, and had never had confidence in it. A young lady in Erie had been healed in this way, after having been for three years unable to walk. I heard her public testimony of the fact. As I was walking home, a friend who was with me asked me what I thought of it. I replied that I did not believe in it; that I thought the girl could have walked before if she had tried. My friend said, "Now if it had only been you, Mrs. Thompson, there could have been no doubt, for everybody knows how you suffer." I said, When you hear of me being healed in that way you may be sure I have lost my mind; for I don't believe in it. This was the first case I had ever known, and I gave it scarcely more than a passing thought.

One Sabbath, some time after returning home from the hospital, I was at the afternoon meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, and heard a man from Boston who led the meeting. The subject was, *Faith*. He told of a woman in

Boston who had been healed in answer to the prayer of Dr. Cullis. I was so impressed with it that I determined to write to Dr. Cullis, and ask him to pray for me. I thought he had such strong faith the Lord would hear his prayer. After I had written the letter I had not the courage to send it. I laid it away in a book, and forgot it was there. One day my sister was at the house, and found it. She said to me, "Anna, why didn't you send this? It wouldn't do any harm. If I were you I would send it." I followed her advice, and received a reply from Dr. Cullis saying, "Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock we will pray for you. Pray for yourself at that hour."

I looked forward to the time to see the effect of his prayer. I did not think I had anything to do. I thought if he prayed for me perhaps I might be healed, on account of his strong faith; but I had no special impression on my mind whether I should or not. I was not sure it was God's will. At the time appointed I did not feel any different. I tried to pray. I was looking for feeling, and as I did not feel any different I set-

tled down to the thought that it was not God's will for me to get well, or I should have felt well.

But I could not get it out of my mind. Some time afterward a tract was handed me to read, on which was a notice of Miss Carrie F. Judd's meetings in Buffalo, with the information that persons desiring prayer, and writing to them, would be remembered in the meeting. I wrote to her. She replied substantially as follows:—"Thursday evening at half past seven o'clock we will pray for you. Lay aside all means, and trust the Lord fully, however sick you may be."

On the morning following this appointment I was not able to sit up. I had been able to be around. I was quite sick all day, but felt a little better towards evening. I continued to pray, and followed Miss Judd's directions. The next morning I got up and felt that I was well. I believe I was healed then, but I did not understand it. A friend called, and I told what I had done, and said, Why, I believe I am well now, I feel so well. Just a little while after I had said this I was taken with one of those paroxysms of pain. She said to me, "Mrs. Thompson, you certainly are

not well as long as you are having such pains as those." So I began to think I was not well, and accordingly was worse from that time on.

After a while I wrote to Miss Judd again, and asked her if she had ever heard of any cases of cancer or any other severe organic disease healed in answer to prayer, or whether the cases were not generally nervous diseases. She replied that it was just as easy for the Physician I had employed to heal a cancer as to heal the headache, if I could trust Him; and that the trouble was with my unbelief. She said they would pray for me again on Thursday evening. Before that time, however, I received a telegram from her, inviting me to come to Buffalo. She wanted to explain the way of faith more fully. My friends thought I could not bear the journey, but I felt that I was to go. I went on Thursday, reaching there in the afternoon. In the meeting in the evening they prayed with me, and Mr. W. L. Gregory anointed me for healing.

The next morning when I opened my eyes I did not know where I was. I was filled with a strange new joy. As I expressed my happiness

to Miss Judd, she said, "You are healed." I said, Won't you say that again, Miss Judd? She repeated it, "You are healed." And yet, the words were so sweet that I could not be satisfied until she had said them for me once more, and yet again. I had such wonderful peace. I felt perfectly well. Since I was a girl I do not remember to have felt as well as I did then. I immediately decided to go home that day. Mrs. Judd (the mother) said, "If you feel that you must go, go, and tell what the Lord has done for you."

I returned home on that day, Friday, October eighth, 1880, healed. It seems wonderful as I tell it. I sometimes get lost in thought over it. During the ride home I did not have a pain or get weary, though it had always tired me much to ride. I walked also from the depot, which was on Fifteenth street, to my home, on Twentieth street, without weariness. All that day and Saturday I felt so well!

On Sabbath morning the temptation came to me that it might be better not to say much about it until I was sure that those terrible pains would not return. Then I thought I would tell it in the

class. I was a member of the Methodist Church. As there were but few in the class, I thought, if the pains returned, the reproach would be less than if a larger number had heard it. My mind was so occupied with this that I did not hear much of the sermon. After the sermon the minister said, "Although this is not the Sunday for it, I feel that we ought to have general class to-day." So he invited the congregation to stay. I knew what it meant. The Lord wanted me to acknowledge openly what he had done for me.

Just as I rose to my feet I was taken with one of those dreaded pains, and the Enemy whispered, "Would you dare, with this upon you, to tell the people that you are well?" The Spirit whispered, reminding me that I knew I was healed; but I thought, What about the pain? Then I thought I would tell the people that I was very much better, and expected to be entirely restored. I rose and turned round to the congregation; but I said nothing that I intended to. I said, I stand before you a well women, healed in answer to prayer. The instant I spoke

these words the pain left me, and I have never had a return of it since. I have often thought of this, how the Enemy followed me up to the very last. If I had not acknowledged my healing then, I should not have been well now; no, nor even living; for the physicians had given me no hope. The pains were dreadful, and the attacks were growing more severe, so that I could not have endured it much longer.

From that time I was called out into the work. People sent for me to come and pray with them. Whenever I had opportunity I testified what the Lord had done for me. I continued this work until I had the attack of pneumonia.

CHAPTER II.

Healed of Pneumonia.

The second Sabbath evening in March, 1883, I attended a class meeting in the church, and gave the account of my healing. I had been suffering several days with a severe cold, and was quite hoarse as I spoke. On the way home the Enemy whispered, "It will do very well for you to tell of that, but what if you were brought to the very gate of death? You think your faith is strong, but it would fail then." It seemed as if I could almost hear a voice saying that to me. I replied, Never! as long as I have Jesus by my side. I was in such distress of body that I stopped on my way home at the house of a Mr. P., who with his wife was strong in faith, and desired them to pray with me. My lungs had begun to pain me severely. We three knelt together. While Mr. P. was praying, the words, "My grace is sufficient for thee," came to me with much force. But my

faith was severely tried. The Enemy said to me, "Didn't you say you were willing to take death? Where is your faith now?" I turned to the Lord, and said, Here I am, Lord; show forth thy glory through this in any way thou thinkest best? only don't leave me." The answer was whispered back to me, "Lo, I am with you alway."

I went home and retired. All night I suffered and tossed, coughing constantly from the moment my head touched the pillow. In the morning a number of friends called, including my minister and his wife. They had observed my hoarseness at the meeting, and were anxious for me, desiring to send for a physician, or to relieve me in some way.

The next day my sister, who lived in the city, came to see me, in company with a dear friend, Mrs. R. I was in great distress, and they proposed making a corn meal poultice for relief. Mrs. R. said, "Before we apply it we will pray the Lord to bless it." I said, is he not able to heal me without it? I am willing to trust him for it. But if you will feel better satisfied to make it, do so; and if the Lord will let you put it on, I

will. My sister went into the other room to make it. While she was there the distress increased, and the Enemy said, "For your friends' sake you had better have it done. It would do no harm. If you die without a physician, and without anything done for you, your friends will be censured. Just think how it would relieve you. The distress is more than you can bear." It did seem as if I could not bear it any more, and I began to pray. I said, Dear Father, if this is your will, and you want it done, I only say, "Thy will be done." But I want the people to believe that there is truth in divine healing.

Just then sister came to the door, and said, "Mrs. R., I can't make it, but if you can you may." I said, Can't you let God have his own way? for I am so glad to have him. Just as I said that, it seemed as though a poultice were laid on my lungs. It was so cooling. I can almost feel it as I tell it. All that tightness left me — the pain was gone — my lungs felt so comfortable! I said, The Lord has got in before you, and relieved me himself. This was the only time my friends offered to do anything for me in that way.

My sister said, "If she dies, it will be all right ; and I would not be the one to put doubts in her mind."

My disease continued, and I coughed constantly. Though my friends were reluctant to leave me at night, I had them put out the light, and retire, after making the necessary preparation for my coughing during the night. I felt that I could trust the Lord more fully in this way. Day after day people came to see me, all day long, sometimes two or three present at a time, some desiring a message from the Lord, others wishing me to pray and lay my hands upon them. If I was coughing at the time any one desired a message, the Lord would whisper, "Rest." My cough would stop. I would close my eyes and rest, feeling so much relieved. Then I was able to give the message. It just seemed as if I was dwelling under the shadow of the Almighty. This promise came to my mind so much during that sickness, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." It seemed as if he was standing by my bed. Some would come and

offer to pray with me. I was always relieved after these prayers. I seemed to feel the very arm of Jesus around me, and when specially distressed, I would say, Dear Jesus, hold me just a little closer; thank you. As I did so, I felt my precious Saviour draw me closer and still closer to himself. It was very real. Thus he was to me both nurse and physician. When I needed rest, it was he who gave it, and it was he who administered medicine by the prayers of those friends.

My minister called one morning, and asked me if I did not think this was presumption. Presumption to trust Jesus! I said. He replied, "Presumption to use no remedies. You do not know how sick you are." I answered that I was willing to trust the Lord till death.

At last the test came. It was evening. My friends were gathered around my bed. I could neither move nor speak, and every thing was growing dark. The voices of those who stood at my bed seemed as if far away. Then the Enemy approached, and said, "This is death. You said you were willing to take death, and here

it is." I tried to pray, but found I could not. I was holding my Bible in both hands, but it began to slip from my grasp. I tried to think of a promise, but could not. One resort was left to me. I could think the name of Jesus. The moment that name came into my mind I found I could move and speak, and the voices of my friends drew near again. I now opened my Bible, and the first words I found were these : "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man : but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able ; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." 1 Cor. x : 13.

Immediately after this promise I had a vision. I have generally avoided telling this and the subsequent visions in relating my experience, as I have been unwilling to excite prejudice. But it was very distinct and real to me, and I have thought it best to record it as being a part of the Lord's dealings with me. After I got the promise it began to grow dark again, darker and darker. The Bible dropped out of my hands. I

seemed to be looking into a dark tunnel. At the farther end was a faint, glimmering light, reminding me of the dim light of a candle in the distance. A voice said softly, "Keep your eye on Jesus." I fixed my eye on that light, and advanced. At the same time I heard the roaring of waters. As I watched the light it grew brighter and brighter until it was as bright as a gas jet; and then it became perfectly light. It was very beautiful, exhibiting all the colors of the rainbow, and appearing like an illuminated fountain. Then this disappeared, and I was standing on the bank of the river. The waters were dark and gloomy, and the roaring I heard as plainly as ever any sound in my life. I stepped into the river, and felt the cold water dash up against my feet, and almost up to my neck. But I did not look down. My eyes were still looking straight on. During the vision I spoke to those around me of what I saw. I now exclaimed, Oh, look! On the other bank of the river stood my mother and father, with two or three little children, also a young man who stood by father, and a young woman by mother. My mother had her arm around her.

They stood along the bank, father at one end, and mother at the other. The young man resembled my brother, three years older than I, who was dead. Mother was seventy-nine years old when she died, but now her features were young again. The company were beckoning to me. I heard music, and also a female voice which said, "I am taking care of your child; take care of mine." As I told of seeing the young woman, Mrs. R., who had been with me daily, ministering to my wants, asked, "What does she look like?" As I gave the description she said, "Why that is Addie!" referring to her daughter who had died. When I afterwards saw the picture of her daughter, the features proved to be the same. (*See Note 2, p. 88:*)

When the vision disappeared I felt an arm, as real as any human arm, slipped under me as if to lift me very carefully. I felt it drawing me closer. Then a voice said, "Arise!" I immediately sat up in bed and said, I am healed. The Lord tells me to get up. I asked them to bring my clothes. After considerable persuasion they brought them, and I got up and walked out into

the other room, and sat on the lounge. I did not cough, and had no chill. After they had made my bed, I heard a whisper bidding me go back again. I did not question the voice, but obeyed. When I got nearly to the bed I became very weak, and began to stagger. As soon as my head touched the pillow I began to cough again, and I coughed all night.

All the next day people were calling and asking me to pray for them. One man who had for years been an elder in the Presbyterian Church fell on his knees while the tears ran down his cheeks, desiring me to pray with him and set him apart to the Lord's service. He afterwards gave Bible readings in my home, and I had no better helper than him.

I had also a call from our minister's wife. She had had a strange dream the preceding night. She thought she saw a crowd of people standing about our house. The windows in the second story were open, and she seemed to hear a female voice saying, "Pray for Mrs. Thompson at 4 o'clock to-morrow morning." She looked around at the faces of the people, to see what they

thought of it, but she saw no smiles. All seemed to take it seriously. She was very much impressed with the dream, and said she was going to sit up and pray for me at that hour. I told her, however, to go to bed, and go to sleep, relying on the Lord to wake her up if he wanted her to pray for me.

That evening my friends stood around my bed again, thinking that I was dying. They knelt in prayer. I had the same vision again as on the preceding evening, though differing in some points. I did not have the dark tunnel-like approach. The vision seemed light, and I saw it more plainly. There was no roaring of the waters, and the water did not dash upon me, or touch me. It was the same river, and the same group stood on the opposite shore, beckoning to me, and I saw their faces more plainly, but there was no voice speaking as before. I also heard strains of beautiful music. In addition to the company on the shore, I saw the tree of life with different fruits. They seemed to be of different colors, very beautiful. I also heard the singing of birds. (*See Note 3, p. 94.*)

When the vision passed away, I heard the voice again gently saying, "Arise." I was very weak, but felt that I was to obey. My friends helped me up, raising me from my pillow, and I dressed myself. I walked into the other room without help, and sat for about two hours, after which I returned to bed feeling very tired. I suffered all night. I did not cough so much. My lungs were very tight, and as I was too weak to raise the mucus, it had collected through the night. In the morning between three and four o'clock I had a fit of strangling. My husband was lying on the lounge in the other room. Observing my distress he sprang up and exclaimed, "Oh, I can't stand this!" I said, Lie still; it is a struggle between the dear Lord and the Enemy, but the Lord shall have the victory. It was dreadful. I clutched the bed clothes in my distress, and it seemed as if I should strangle to death. Presently I looked up and said, Lord, help me. I just thought it. I could not speak. In an instant I coughed and thus obtained the needed relief.

The minister's wife afterwards told me that in

the morning her little boy was taken with the croup, and that she and her husband got up to attend to him. All at once she thought of her intention to pray for me, and they both prayed. It was at the same time that I had the fit of strangling.

About five o'clock I called my husband, and told him I felt that the Lord said to me that I was to eat breakfast with them at the table. At six o'clock I got up and dressed myself, walked out into the room feeling strong, sat down to breakfast with the family, and was up all day.

At three o'clock in the afternoon a friend, Mrs. F., called. She was going to a missionary meeting at Mrs. R.'s on Twenty-second street. I told her I believed it was the Lord's will for me to go with her, and if she would wait, I would get ready. Being a woman of strong faith, she did not dare to discourage me. I went to the meeting. They were all frightened. I was very pale, and they said afterwards that they thought I was out of my mind. When I went in, a friend said, "Mrs. Thompson, don't tell us the Lord sent you here, for he don't do such unreasonable things."

This was a great pain to me. I needed encouragement. I said, Dear sister, I am so sorry that you said that. There was a young girl there sitting on the lounge, the only one who looked as if she believed I knew what I was doing. There was a vacant seat beside her, and I occupied it. As I did so she took me by the hand and said, "Mrs. Thompson, I believe you are healed." Oh, how it did strengthen me when she said that! At these meetings I was accustomed to start the singing. The lady who led looked to me, and said, "Do you think you can sing, Mrs. Thompson?" I replied, Yes, and silently looked up to the Lord to give me just the piece to sing. I opened to the hymn,

"All the way my Saviour leads me."

I led the singing through the meeting, and the Lord sustained me.

This was Friday. On Sunday I went to church twice. The church was on Twenty-first street, one square distant. The Sunday following I did not go to church. My friends thought I ought to be careful, and this influenced me. I think if I had gone, boldly trusting, I should not have

had the relapse which followed. On Monday forenoon I called at Mrs. P's. They were washing, and I inhaled the steam, and as I was not fully trusting, my fears of a relapse were realized. By evening I was not able to sit up. I had a very high fever, soreness of throat, and pain in my back and limbs. My cough also returned. The disease this time assumed the form of typhoid pneumonia, and was very bad indeed. I had more fits of strangling than before, being unable to raise the mucus from my throat. This attack, like the former one, lasted over two weeks, but my experience was very different. Then it seemed more like walking by sight than by faith. It seemed as if I could almost see the Saviour by my bed, and hear his whispers. Now it was all dark. But I was determined to trust him.

I became very low. I looked into the faces of those who came into the room to see if I could discern faith in their countenances, but there was none. Even those who had strong faith seemed to have no hope for me. I asked one lady who was accustomed to pray with faith for the healing of the sick, if she could pray for me. She replied

frankly that she could not, and said that there is a time for all to die. I grew worse and worse. My lower limbs began to swell, and symptoms of approaching death were increasing. At my sister's suggestion I indicated what disposal I wished made of some of my things. A friend who had been accustomed to lay out the dead called and desired the privilege of performing this service for me. A dress-maker, a friend of mine, called on the same day, and consulted me on the making of my shroud. Arrangements for my burial were made, in the selection of the hymns and the portion of Scripture, and in the choice of the minister to conduct the services. I chose Mr. Kummer, who formerly preached in Erie, but who was then settled in Fredonia, New York. His wife was one who had been healed by faith.

My mouth and throat became sore, and I was growing cold. Cold sweat stood on my brow. I breathed with difficulty. The windows were open, and they were fanning me. My friends stood around my bed. Then I had a vision, very short, but very wonderful to me. I said, Oh, look! It seemed as if I could see the Saviour as

he sat upon the throne. He held up a crown, and turned it round, very slowly, turned it clear round. There were many stars in it — it was almost full of them, but it had one place where there were none. (*See Note 4, p. 96.*) I said, Oh, I am going to get well, and have all those stars in my crown. Mrs. R. said, “Yes, you will soon be with Jesus, dear, and have that crown.” I said, No, I have never done anything for him. I am going to live, and work for him, and earn it.

This vision was on Tuesday evening, two weeks after I was taken sick. I then lay in a stupor for quite a little while, I don’t know how long, and afterwards began to get easier. This continued until the next morning, Wednesday, when a change came on. It seemed so dark. I had looked for encouragement in the faces of those who came in, but all looked sad. I found no look of faith for my recovery, I did not know but that my time had indeed come. I knew I had not earned my crown, I felt I had done very little for the Saviour, and had quite a conflict in my mind about it. I became discouraged, turned over on my side, and for the first time gave way to tears.

It was now about five o'clock in the afternoon. I longed to see some one with strong faith, and thought of Mrs. Kummer, but the Enemy told me it was impossible. I should be dead before she could be brought here from Fredonia. Besides, I had heard that she had gone to Akron, Ohio, to visit her friends, and might not be back for weeks. I answered by saying, Dear, dear Jesus, you know just where she is. You can bring her if you think best. It makes no difference. I have you. It is enough. I had my little Bible in my hand, and was strongly impressed to open it. I opened to the following words:—"For the people shall dwell in Zion at Jerusalem: thou shalt weep no more: he will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry, when he shall hear it he will answer thee." Is. xxx: 19. The moment I read that I stopped crying, and said, Yes, dear Lord, I believe what you say. I leave it all with you. Immediately the door opened and Mrs. K. came in, in company with Mrs. R. Mrs. R. had gone home to prepare supper for her family, intending to get back as soon as possible. Just as she got inside her gate, Mrs. K. came, and met her there.

In leaving Akron she intended returning directly home to Fredonia. But before starting, she was impressed to take the train for Erie, she did not know why. She did not know that I was sick, but she recognized it as the voice of God, and obeyed it. Mrs. R. on meeting her told her that she had just left Mrs. Thompson at the point of death, and that she might not be living on her return. They decided therefore to come immediately to the house.

Mrs. K. now prayed for me. I felt sure that the Lord touched me. I felt the touch. It was wonderful. A feeling of awe came over all who were in the room. But from that night, Wednesday, I grew worse until Saturday morning at about ten o'clock. My friends did not think I could live. They were just waiting for me to die, almost looking for every breath to be my last. I was impressed to open my Bible. The first words I saw were in the prophecy of Nahum (i:12.13): "Though I have afflicted thee, I will afflict thee no more. For now will I break his yoke from off thee, and will burst thy bonds in sunder." I said to them as they were standing by my bed,

God means just what he says. I am well. I rose, had them bring my clothes, and dressed myself. The cough ceased instantly, the soreness left my lungs, the diarrhœa stopped, and I did not feel tired at all, but felt as well as I do now. I got up strong, and was able to go out, and go anywhere. So I think I have tested divine healing.

CHAPTER III.

Opening of the Ministry of Healing.

After the Lord raised me up so wonderfully from my cancerous affliction, I had calls in various directions to pray with the sick, and when I was called I went. The way in which I was led to lay hands on the sick, in addition to praying for them, was as follows: At the invitation of the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, Miss Judd, soon after my healing at Buffalo, came to Erie to give a series of Bible readings or talks, and was entertained at my home. While she was there a lady sent for me to pray for her healing. Miss Judd went with me. We both prayed. When Miss Judd layed her hands on her, the lady requested me to do the same. I hesitated, but this promise came to my mind: "These signs shall follow them that believe;" "they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." With this I felt at liberty to do it. I

knew that I believed. I felt, however, that Miss Judd, rather than myself, was the instrument the Lord used in this case. From this time I felt free to lay my hands on the sick in praying for their healing.

One day when alone with the Lord I began to wonder if this ministry of healing was the work to which he had called me. I asked him to point out his will to me, and promised that at any cost to myself I would follow just as closely as I could in the footsteps of Jesus, and that to any place where he would lead me I would go. Such a perfect peace then came into my heart that I felt that this was indeed my special work.

While I was still in the room I thought, Oh, if I only had a home where the afflicted could be welcomed, and brought under the care of the great Physician! Then I felt that at some time God would give me such a home. That day I went down to my sister's. I used to go and tell her everything. I told her I believed that some time the Lord would give me a faith home. She said, "You are not strong enough. You never could stand it to go into such a home, and have

the sick coming to you. You must not let your imagination work upon it. Don't think about it." My friends thought me quite imaginative, and inclined to build air castles. I said, Mary, I think I shall some time have a faith home.

When I returned home I asked the Lord to give me some word from himself that should assure me that I was not following my own thoughts. I told him I would take what he would give me. The word which I received was the following: Ezek. xii : 27, 28 — "Son of man, behold, they of the house of Israel say, The vision that he seeth is for many days to come, and he prophesieth of the times that are far off. Therefore say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God: There shall none of my words be prolonged any more, but the word which I have spoken shall be done, saith the Lord God." Then I prayed that if it was his will it might be soon. In answer to this I received the following: Neh. i : 11 — "O LORD, I beseech thee, let now thine ear be attentive to the prayer of thy servant, and to the prayer of thy servants, who desire to fear thy name: and prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day,

and grant him mercy in the sight of this man. For I was the king's cup bearer."

Not far from this time I received one dollar in a letter from a girl who had been healed. She wrote that it was all she had, and she desired to contribute it to my "Faith Home." Then the Enemy commenced to talk to me about it. The idea of her sending me one dollar! What would that be toward a faith home? I had better send it back, and tell her I had no "Faith Home." But I went to the Lord about it. I took the dollar and my Bible, and knelt with them before him. I asked him to indicate to me if the dollar was sent by him for this purpose, by sending me one more dollar; and I would then put both in the bank until he should give me such a home. I then opened my Bible for a promise, and received the words (Hag. ii: 8, 9), "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the LORD of hosts. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the LORD of hosts: and in this place will I give peace, saith the LORD of hosts." That same evening the mail carrier brought me an envelope which was mailed at Mercer, Mercer

County, Pennsylvania, containing one dollar. No signature, and no writing accompanied it, and I have never learned who sent it; but it was the sign I had asked for. I deposited the two dollars in the bank until the faith home was opened. Some time after receiving these two dollars I received two more from a lady at Miles Grove, Erie County, Pennsylvania, which I added to the sum already deposited. When at last the home was opened, I used these four dollars for muslin for sheets and pillow slips.

For several weeks, at the time of receiving the promise of the home, I was waiting on the Lord about the matter. Sometimes I would feel a little discouraged at its being so long coming, and I would ask the Lord for another word upon it. At one time I was thinking there would be so many sick coming to me that I could not bear the burden; also that so many persons would be against me.

The Lord gave me the words, 2 Chr. xx: 15, "And he said, Hearken ye, all Judah, and ye inhabitants of Jerusalem, and thou king Jehoshaphat, Thus saith the Lord unto you, Be not

afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude ; for the battle is not yours, but God's." Then on another day, with a similar request, the seventeenth verse of the same chapter was given me. "Ye shall not need to fight in this battle : set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the LORD with you, O Judah and Jerusalem : fear not, nor be dismayed ; to-morrow go out against them ; for the LORD will be with you." At various times also the following passages were given me : 2 Chr. vii : 14, "If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways ; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

Ver. 15, "Now mine eyes shall be open, and mine ears attend unto the prayer that is made in this place."

Ver. 16, "For now have I chosen and sanctified this house, that my name may be there for ever ; and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually."

These three verses just quoted were given me at different times. I had also the following:—

Ezek. xliii : 10, 11, 12, "Thou son of man, shew the house to the house of Israel, that they may be ashamed of their iniquities : and let them measure the pattern. And if they be ashamed of all that they have done, shew them the form of the house, and the fashion thereof, and the goings out thereof, and the comings in thereof, and all the forms thereof, and all the ordinances thereof, and all the forms thereof, and all the laws thereof: and write it in their sight, that they may keep the whole form thereof, and all the ordinances thereof, and do them. This is the law of the house ; Upon the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy. Behold, this is the law of the house."

Jer. xxxi : 8, " Behold, I will bring them from the north country, and gather them from the coasts of the earth, and with them the blind and the lame, the woman with child and her that travaileth with child together : a great company shall return thither."

Whenever I asked the Lord about the home I would get a verse of this kind, which confirmed the hope he had given me. The last verse I got

was this: 2 Chr. xv: 7, "Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be rewarded." This decided it. When I got this I felt that it was sure; and my mind rested.

Some time before the attack of pneumonia I met for the first time the wife of Mr. P., a Methodist minister afterwards located at Warren, Pennsylvania. Mrs. P. had been an invalid for years with a complication of diseases. She had had some advice on healing by faith, on which she had acted, and had ceased taking medicines. She had not been sufficiently instructed in the way of the Lord on this subject, and as the result of the course pursued, came very near to death. Her husband, with whom I was well acquainted, fearing a repetition of this experience, desired me, when I called, not to introduce the subject of healing by faith. I told him I would not mention it if the Lord did not give it to me to say. When I met the patient she herself asked me if I was not the Mrs. Thompson who prayed with the sick. I replied that I was, and that I would ask the dear Lord to give her rest. She asked if she must not give up physicians and medicine.

I told her that I had nothing to do with that, and should simply leave it to her and to the Lord: but that we would pray for rest. I prayed for her and she did receive the rest. The Lord was dealing with her, and her mind was not yet prepared for any thing further. She continued to receive medical treatment, and on October 1882 went to a hospital in Cleveland, Ohio, where she underwent a surgical operation, and remained about nine weeks. Still remaining an invalid, she came to our house on Wednesday, March nineteenth, 1884. I prayed with her that evening, and on Saturday morning she rose, healed, her distress all gone. She remained with us until the following Monday.

After returning home she wrote requesting me to come to Warren. This was about the same time that I was receiving the promises concerning the faith home. There were some sick in Warren that she wanted me to see, and she felt that it was the Lord's will for me to come. I went about the first of May, and expecting to be gone four days. I remained there four weeks, at her house. Her husband was pastor of the

Methodist church. His house was opened to receive the people, and they were coming daily for prayer. Some came distances of six and eight miles. Some were sick, some were burdened in heart. The Lord was present healing and comforting. One who was present remarked that it seemed as if the pool was troubled, and that all they had to do was simply to step into the waters and be healed.

The pastor had announced that there would be a young people's meeting Sunday afternoon, and that I would lead it, but on Saturday I felt that it was the Lord's will for me to return home. The pastor desired me to stay if possible. I told him I would go alone and ask the Lord about it. I received in answer to prayer the following word: Eccl. ix: 7, "Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart; for God now accepteth thy works." As soon as I found it I went down and showed it to him. He went directly and hired a carriage to take me to the train. When I arrived at the depot I found a Mrs. R. there, a lady of Warren, who had been wonderfully healed of cancer just before I went

there, and who had prayed with me for the sick. She was impressed to go as far as Corry with me. When we got to Corry we found a Mrs. K. there waiting for me. There had been a meeting with fasting and prayer that day at the church, and they had been praying that the Lord would send me to Corry. Expecting an answer to their prayer, she had come to the depot to meet me. We went up to Mrs. K.'s, and prayed for a number of sick persons, and a number were healed.

From Corry I went home. A few days after a lady called on me, to say that she had a house vacant for which she had been receiving twenty-five dollars a month, and that I could have it for a faith home as long as I wanted it, for twelve and a half dollars a month. A few days after that I received a letter from Mrs. P., of Warren, saying that the ladies there would pay four months rent, and furnish a room, if I could find a house to suit me for the work.

The house was taken, and we moved into it on the third or fourth day of July, 1884. The dedication services were in the afternoon and evening of the thirty-first. They were conducted by the

Rev. Mr. Stratton. Among those who were present and took part in the services were the Rev. Mr. Painter of Warren, the Rev. Dr. Edwards, Presbyterian, of Erie, the Rev. Dr. Herron, Methodist, of Erie, and Mr. W. L. Gregory of Buffalo. There was a large attendance.

The first person who came for healing was a Mr. G., of Texas, who had suffered ten years with epilepsy. He came on the day of dedication, was healed on that evening, and remained with us four days. Eight persons were anointed that evening, and all claimed their healing.

About three weeks after the home was opened a Baptist minister and his wife came from Illinois. He had suffered for five years with softening of the brain, and was given up by physicians. He was healed in four days. After his return home he wrote me that his physician and his nephew, both skeptical, were greatly moved by what the Lord had done for him. The physician called to see him, and pronounced him healed, declaring that something had been done for him which no human being could have done, and asked him to pray for him. The nephew made the same

request, saying, "Uncle, I want just such a religion as this."

In the home we needed chairs. We had nothing when we went in but the furniture of our private home. Our chapel, therefore, was without seats. I went to the Lord about it one morning. That evening a gentleman called at the house, and asked how we were getting along. He wanted to know how a faith home is conducted. He said, "It seems to me that a house of this kind needs money to run it." I said, Father attends to all that. It is his house, and we leave it all to him. We take charge of it simply as stewards. As he said "Good night," he slipped twenty-five dollars into my hand. This was only a few weeks after the home was opened. The next week I received a letter from a lady in Warren, which contained forty dollars to be used in the home. The Warren ladies sent us in all about ninety dollars in furniture and money.

One Saturday we had only coal enough for the day, and there was no money. In the morning when my husband went to his business I asked him to order a load of coal. He said, "I haven't

the money; have you?" I said, No; but the Father has. He reminded me that it would be necessary to pay the driver when he should deliver the coal. I said, When he comes I shall have the money. The coal was ordered. I went to the Lord, and said, Father, we need the coal, and I have ordered it. Now please give the money. Having left it with the Lord I dismissed it from my mind, and forgot all about it.

The landlady was to call for the rent that day, according to agreement. I prayed the Lord that if it was not his will to give the money that day he would prevent her calling for it until the beginning of the next week.

About noon a lady, a stranger, called at the house, desiring prayer for healing. She was healed instantly, and was full of joy. All pain and distress had left her. After she had gone I had occasion to go into the room, when I found on the table a five-dollar bill. After dinner the coal came. The price was just five dollars, and the money was ready.

The landlady did not call that day. The next day, Sunday, as I was about to go to meeting in

the evening, I met at the door the same gentleman who gave the money which paid for the chairs. Seeing that I was going to church, he said he would not come in. He inquired how we were getting along. I replied that the Lord was blessing us, and that we were getting along nicely. He said he would call again, and as he shook hands in bidding me good-night, he again left in my hand twenty-five dollars. So we had double the sum needed for the rent. On Monday morning the lady came. She was taken sick on Saturday, and was compelled to postpone her call.

In Erie, houses are generally rented on the first of January. When that time came the question naturally arose whether we intended to take the house for another year. I was not prepared to say positively that we would. I therefore allowed the notice, To Rent, to be put out. I said that if the Lord wanted us to stay he would not permit the house to be rented by others; and if he allowed it, this would be an evidence that he did not wish us to continue in it. For several weeks there was no application. The sign still remained out. Meanwhile I had received a call

to go to Warren. I intended now to take the house for the year, but in going left no definite word to that effect, still trusting that the Lord would not permit it to be rented to any other party.

I was absent perhaps two weeks. Before I returned, the landlady called and inquired if we intended to keep the house until spring. She was answered in the affirmative, and seems to have taken this answer to indicate that the house would be wanted no longer than that time. She had received an application for it, and the applicants desired an immediate answer. When I returned, therefore, I found that the house was rented, and that we should be obliged to leave it.

Notwithstanding my determination to take this as the Lord's indication of his will, I became very much depressed about it. The Tempter charged me with neglect in not leaving word of my purpose before going to Warren. He told me that now I had broken up the Lord's work. I felt conscience-smitten and very unhappy. Then again he impressed me that it was not God's will for me to have a home like this; that the work

was evidently stopped, and that I must be content to go back to my own home and simply visit the sick in a quiet way. It began to be very dark. But I said, I will go by the Lord's help to my own little home, and take in all that he sends. The house was small, so that we could not take in many at once. These temptations disturbed me repeatedly and much during the remaining time that we occupied the rented house. The landlady regretted my disappointment, and offered to make an effort to reverse the engagement; but I requested her not to do anything about it. I told her the Lord had permitted it, and it was all right.

During this time of trial I repeatedly went to the Lord with my anxiety, and repeatedly obtained relief. But the Accuser was very persistent and held with great determination the advantage he had gained against me, and it was long before I had the perfect victory over him. One day when the temptation came that the work must be given up, I went to the Lord, and asked him if this was really his will. I told him if he would give me some promise concerning it I would accept it as all right. To my comfort and

relief he gave me the same promise that came with the first dollar contributed for the home, "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the LORD of hosts. The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the LORD of hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith the LORD of hosts." Hag. ii : 8, 9. So I knew that the Lord intended to give us at some time a larger home.

One Sabbath evening, sitting with the matron, I was very much cast down, fearing that I had sinned against the Lord in permitting the house to be taken by others. I felt that he was going to punish me for my carelessness in his service. Together we sought a word from him for my guidance and relief. We opened to the eighty-ninth Psalm, and received specially the thirty-third, thirty-fourth and twenty-eighth verses, and in general, verses twentieth to twenty-ninth. The verses specially given read as follows: Ver. 33, 34, "Nevertheless my loving kindness will I not utterly take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips." Ver. 28,

“My mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him.” The general passage begins with the words (Ver. 20), “I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him:” and closes with the words (Ver. 29), “His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven.” The Lord very tenderly answered my fears about punishment, and his displeasure, in the following manner. When we had read as far as the twenty-ninth verse, we were led to skip to the thirty-third, without any intention on our part, and without observing that the intervening verses deal with transgression and punishment. They were not given to me; or rather they were thus distinctly shut out of the message as given to me. Afterwards we looked, read, and understood the loving kindness of the Lord. The omitted verses are the following: Ver. 30–32, “If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes.”

These promises gave much assurance for a time.

One other promise also was given me which brought me encouragement, and which is specially significant because it was afterwards repeated in very trying circumstances. It was the following : Ezek. xxxvi : 11, "And I will multiply upon you man and beast ; and they shall increase and bring fruit ; and I will settle you after your old estates, and will do better unto you than at your beginnings: and ye shall know that I am the LORD."

We moved down to our own house Friday, March 27, 1885. We had it dedicated to the Lord, and began meetings there. The Lord blessed us wonderfully, even more than in the other house. It seemed as if his smiles were on us from the first of our going down there. But there came a very severe trial of faith. Perhaps the advantage the Tempter had gained over my soul in the prospect of leaving the other house, prepared the way for the advantage he gained over my body in the sickness which I will now narrate.

The house was papered the day before we moved in, and the room in which I slept was not dry. On Monday I was seized with symptoms of

typhoid pneumonia, the same disease from which my great Physician had already once delivered me. The Enemy had come to contest the point once more. Fever set in, and my limbs, back, and head became very painful. Then the Accuser said, "It's plain enough that your work is done. You've come back to your own house to die." I was repeatedly, during the days of sickness which followed, much discouraged. One day as I lay thinking, I said, Dear Lord, if thou wilt give me some promise that I can hold upon, that I may know if my work is done, and I am not to get well, I will accept it. In answer to this the Lord kindly renewed to me the promise already mentioned from the prophecy of Ezekiel (xxxvi : 11), "And I will multiply upon you man and beast; and they shall increase and bring fruit: and I will settle you after your old estates, and will do better unto you than at your beginnings: and ye shall know that I am the LORD."

I was very anxious at that time that the matron should believe that when God gave me these promises they were to be fulfilled to the very letter. So when I received this I showed it

to her. She said, "Mrs. Thompson, do you believe that will be fulfilled?" I said, I do. But after this I became very sick indeed, and began to think that perhaps after all my work was done. During the whole sickness, in fact, I had no inward light that I should recover. One day I said to the matron, I don't know but it is God's will for me to die. She replied, "What about that promise, Mrs. Thompson? If you die I never can have any more faith in getting promises in this way. What does that promise mean?" I was so anxious for her to believe that God speaks to his children in this way, and that nothing should be done through me to dishonor him, that I began to pray for my recovery.

The prayer meetings had been continued at my request during my sickness.

After the close of one of the meetings I requested Mr. C., who led the meeting, to come to my bedside. I was not able to speak above a whisper. My bedroom was just off the room in which the meetings were held. He came in. I asked him if he believed that I could be healed that evening—now, I said, *now!* and if, on that

belief, he would anoint me. Several others came into the room, among them another gentleman who had strong faith. I asked him if he could pray that I should be healed, now while they were praying for me. He said, "Mrs. Thompson, I will be honest with you ; I can not." I said, I don't want any one in the room to lay hands on me except those who believe that I can be healed now ; for I believe that I can. I can unite with you for it. They knelt in prayer. Four persons laid hands on me, Mr. C., the matron, and another gentleman and lady, and Mr. C. anointed me. Then I said, Let us sing,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

I was compelled to whisper until they began to sing, when I joined with them, my voice was as clear as any of theirs. I could sing clear and loud, without any distress whatever.

I cautioned them not to doubt on the way home, but told them to remember that the Lord had heard prayer, and answered it, and to expect to find me up and well in the morning. After they had gone I fell asleep, and slept sweetly the rest of the night. The next morning I rose

healed. I was quite weak indeed, but my strength gradually came to me. One of the gentlemen called to see me in the morning, and I went to the door myself to receive him. I immediately commenced to go out of doors.

I now found that I was called out to a great many different places, sometimes by telegraph, to visit the sick. I had more opportunity to go than when I was in the larger house. All that summer, 1885, I was busy in that way, at home a few days, then out again.

CHAPTER IV.

Opening of the Work in Cleveland, Ohio.

I had been long impressed that the Lord would some time send me to Cleveland. I found also from time to time that impressions in harmony with this were given to others. During my sickness after leaving the large house I received a letter from a lady of Canton, Ohio, who was at the house of a physician in Cleveland, requesting me to come to her. My sister replied to the letter, telling her that I was very sick, and adding at my request that as soon as it was the Lord's will I would come to her; also that I was praying for her for that which she had specially desired, strength to get home to her family.

Then another letter came from her, saying that she was better, and thought that in a few days she would be able to go home. I had them prop me up in the bed, and wrote to her myself a few lines. I told her that the dear Lord had laid me

aside for some lessons that he wished to teach me; and that it was sweet to lie there and just talk with him. Also that if it was his will to release me and have me come to her I would come. Soon afterwards she became strong enough to go home. I am sure from her experience, which she afterwards told me, that she was healed then; but needed to have her faith strengthened, and to understand the tests to which faith is subjected. She afterwards invited me to her home in Canton, and I went in the latter part of May, 1885. In the providence of God this lady was one of the important instruments in turning my steps to Cleveland.

In the fall I was called to Cleveland to visit a lady who was sick. I was entertained at the house of Rev. Mr. Cory. He felt that it was the Lord's will that I should come to the city. He told me of the church-building at the corner of Ohio and Brownell Streets, formerly occupied by a Wesleyan Methodist church. It was then not in use, and he thought it could be procured for mission work, and offered to see about it. The day I started for home he drove by the church,

and showed it to me. The moment I saw it I was strongly impressed that I should some day be in it about the Lord's work. I felt so sure of it that I expressed my confidence at the time. Mr. Cory having learned that the house had been engaged by Mr. Lindus Cody for mission work, went to see him, and found that he had taken it for a year, and that Mr. B., a minister of the Wesleyan Methodist connection, was to engage in the work. The house, when we saw it, had been freshly painted in preparation for opening.

I spent Christmas at Canton at the house of the lady already mentioned. At my first visit there, in May, I became acquainted with the Rev. W. H. Wilson, presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the Canton district. Knowing of this lady's recovery in answer to prayer he became much interested in my work. At this visit at Christmas I told them of the Lord's leadings with reference to Cleveland, adding, however, that I did not think the time had yet come. Both of them were deeply convinced that the Lord was going to send me there, and both were

desirous to give me such assistance and coöperation as might be in their power. Mr. Wilson went to the city to see if he could find any suitable houses offered for rent. On his return he described what he had seen, but said, "It seems to me that Sister Thompson is not to go to Cleveland yet, but I believe that before long she will have a home there. I believe that is God's order." His whole heart seemed to be in it. One day he came over to the house and said he had been asking the Lord for a passage from his Word with reference to this projected home, and had received the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah, commencing, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad." In expectation that the home would be opened during the coming year, 1836, he prepared, as an inaugural gift, a very interesting arrangement of thoughts, largely in Scriptural quotations, and presented them to me in fine pen-work, and nicely bound, as a New Year's token. (*See Appendix.*)

The following summer a lady from Cleveland, Mrs. D., visited me in Erie with reference to healing. I told her how I had felt with reference

to going to Cleveland, and how the Lord had led me. Whenever I prayed with reference to it, it seemed as if I were in a home there. She entered into my feelings and convictions, and we prayed together that if it was the Lord's will he would open the way, and find me a house. While she was still with me I wrote to Mr. Cody concerning the chapel, saying that whenever the Lord should direct him to write to me with reference to coming, I should be subject to the Lord's will. I did not know his address, but directed the letter as well as I could, and asked the Lord to carry it to him. It reached him, and he passed it to Mr. B., desiring him to use his own discretion about answering it. It remained unanswered for a long time.

At last, in the month of September, Mr. B. called on Mrs. D. with the letter to make inquiries. Mrs. D. had on the same day received a letter from me, in which I wrote that I believed the time had come for me to see about finding a house in Cleveland. Mr. B., on learning this, said, then he knew it was of the Lord, and requested her to write to me to come.

They knelt together in prayer, asking the Lord to direct.

On receiving the letter I came immediately to Cleveland. Mr. Cody told me I could use the chapel for the work, and invited me also to take an interest in the work at the Baden Avenue chapel. He took me to see a house on Sibley street. The rent was thirty dollars a month. We engaged it, offering to pay the first month's rent at once, but the owner said it was unnecessary, and allowed us to take the key. This was left, for convenience, in Mr. B.'s hands.

I went home and prepared for moving. After I had commenced breaking up at Erie, and had partly packed my goods, a letter came from Cleveland. The owner of the house had called for the key, saying that I had requested him to do so. This was thought strange, but the key was given up. The owner then stated that he had let the house to another party at thirty-five dollars a month. This was a severe disappointment. I had received a letter from a lady saying that if I could find a suitable house she would pay the rent for a year, and furnish the fuel.

But the Enemy now said, "Don't you see? You are not to go to Cleveland." Some persons in Erie also said this was the hand of the Lord, showing me that I was not to leave Erie. I said, I don't know what it means, but I am sure the Lord wants me to go to Cleveland. I had already written informing the lady who had made the offer just mentioned, that I had rented the house. I now wrote to her of the disappointment, and left the matter of going to Cleveland in the Lord's hands, asking him to show me his will by the impression he should produce on her mind. I requested her to give me her first thought, without reasoning and without considering my preference. She replied that she believed the obstruction was of Satan, and that it was for me to push through it. At the close of her letter she said, "Go to Cleveland."

The next day I received a postal card from Mr. B., mentioning three houses, at the prices respectively of twenty-five, twenty-eight, and thirty dollars a month. I showed the card to those in the house, and said at once, The twenty-eight dollar house is the one we are to have. There was no

description, but I felt sure of it. That house is the one we now occupy.

I got ready and came at once to see about it. From the train I walked up to the chapel, hoping to meet Mr. B. there. The sexton lived there, but the door was locked. I was tired from riding, and hungry. The Enemy said, "You see you have made a mistake again. You are not to come here after all, or you would not have all this opposition." I thought I would walk around, and see if I could find the house. I walked until between three and four o'clock, and returned to the chapel, very tired, thinking that if still unsuccessful I would go over to Mrs. D.'s, on the west side, and spend the night, returning home the next day. The door was still locked. I sat down on the steps to rest. While sitting there I said, Lord, what does this mean? I will never give up, for I know you sent me to Cleveland; and I will trust you to carry this on in your own way. In a few moments Mr. B. came. He said he had just been looking at one of the houses, situated on Cedar avenue, that it was only a little way, and we would go over and see it. As soon as I

entered the house I said, This is the house. It was the one at twenty-eight dollars. He spoke of another one, on Huntington street, but I told him I was sure of the Lord's choice of this one, and would look no further. I engaged the house at once, No. 74 Cedar avenue, and paid the first month's rent before I left. About two weeks later, in the month of October, 1886, we moved into it.

While we were getting ready to move I received a telegram from Canton informing me of the fatal sickness of Mr. Wilson. I left the rest of the packing to other hands, and went immediately. When I reached there he was dying, and was unconscious. He left a message for me, to the effect that a work was committed to me which no one else could do ; and that I must keep close to the Lord. It had been his hope to dedicate the home in Cleveland, but the Lord had planned otherwise. The last stanza of his new year's gift for the home proved to be a prophecy for himself.

In Erie we had used a wood stove in our kitchen, but learning that wood is not generally used in this city, we did not bring it. I had one

dollar, and intended to buy with this an oil lamp stove to serve us until the Lord should send us a stove. On leaving Canton for Cleveland I received from a friend the sum of twenty dollars, to be used as the Lord should direct. In the city I went to a hardware store, and found a stove at twenty-seven dollars. I prayed the Lord to put into the dealer's heart the price at which he should offer it to me. I needed also a load of kindlings for the furnace fires, and this would cost two dollars and a half. The man said to me, "Mrs. Thompson, I will tell you what I will do. I will set up the stove for you, and furnish it with pipe, for seventeen dollars. I never sold one for that, and I am losing money on it, but somehow I feel that I must let you have it for that." Then I told him it was all of the Lord. After buying the kindlings I had fifty cents left, and bought some oil and a lamp chimney. There was no gas-meter in the house then.

About the time we came I received a letter from a lady of Hornellsville, New York, then at Chautauqua, who had decided to come and stay with me a while, before returning home. She felt

that the Lord had so directed her. She came, and remained six weeks. The amount which she gave us furnished our table nicely. When the time came for her to return home she felt anxious for our future supplies. But a lady at whose house we called together desired me to accept five dollars, and on the Sabbath before she left, a lady who called left two dollars. At Christmas time we received a barrel, half of apples, and half of potatoes, twelve pounds of sugar, four pounds of coffee, one pound of tea, eight cans of fruit, a gallon of apple-butter, a turkey, a linen tablecloth and a dozen napkins, all from one kind friend whose generosity we had already abundantly experienced. A lady brought us two cans of fruit, another gave me a dollar, and another four dollars. Thus the Lord has continually provided.

In Erie our weekly meetings had been held on Thursday evenings. Our first meeting in Cleveland was held on the same evening, October twenty-eighth. Only four were present, our sister from Hornellsville, the matron and myself, and a friend who had called the preceding day

to introduce the case of two boys for healing who were nearly blind. After prayer for guidance the thirty-fifth chapter of Isaiah was read in opening the meeting. The reader stated that it had been specially given him for this work during the day. Before many verses had been read I recognized the chapter. It was the same which was given to Mr. Wilson for us, beginning: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad." On the morning of the same day a special message had been asked of the Lord by the same person with reference to the home. The following was received: Matt. vii : 25, "And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon the rock." The meeting was one of special blessing from the presence of the Lord.

Wednesday evening was fixed upon as better for the regular weekly meeting, and the public dedication was held on that evening the following week, November third. It was led by Mr. John T. Dorland, a young minister of the Friends, who has since often led our meetings. Thirty persons were present. One week later forty were

present. Mr. W. L. Gregory of Buffalo, who anointed me at my healing from cancer, was with us at this meeting, and remained over a week. During his stay he anointed eight persons. The subsequent meetings have been smaller, but of much spiritual interest, and with growing faith. There have been a number of cases of healing in the city, and more in other places, in answer to prayers offered in these meetings. Prayer for other blessings also has been answered.

On Friday, November 10th, while Mr. Gregory was yet with us, an afternoon meeting for the sick was commenced, and has since been regularly held. It is freely attended also by others, and has been much blessed. The two boys who have been mentioned came with their mother on the afternoon of the Friday immediately following the Thursday meeting mentioned above. Their call was thus, in fact, the inauguration of the Friday afternoon meetings. All three came full of hope. A partial recovery of sight was at once observed, the subsequent improvement was constant, and in four months the mother testified that they experienced no further difficulty. They

had been left in their blinded condition by the measles, the older boy when he was about two years and eight months old, and the younger at the age of three years and eight months. The older could see the light, but could not discern objects, while the younger could see a little better. Both seemed to be totally blind, or nearly so, by evening light. At the time of their restoration their ages were respectively twelve and ten.

Our work has met with a deep sympathy in hearts prepared by the Lord for it, and we are full of confident hope in him.

This sketch, as above finished, was prepared a few months after the removal to Cleveland, and has been in waiting to the present time, July, 1889, for the Lord's pleasure concerning its publication. His pleasure has now been made clear, and the little book is sent forth.

Mr. John T. Dorland, of the Society of Friends, continued to give Bible lessons, with much acceptance, from the first, though relinquishing,

after some time, the Wednesday evening meeting, and continuing on Friday afternoons until the close of the year 1887. Soon after this he removed from the city.

At some time during the first year in Cleveland, Miss Sarah L. Andrews became intimately associated with the work, giving Bible teachings on Wednesday evenings for some time before Mr. Dorland's departure, and then succeeding him on Friday afternoons as well. This fellowship of service has continued to the present time.

On the second of July, 1888, a Bible school was opened in connection with this work, in the large academy building, No. 156 Huron street. This building, occupied by Miss Andrews' private school, was free for afternoons and evenings. The Bible school has been continued, with instruction by Miss Andrews and others, on each afternoon except Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. The meetings in the interest of healing have been held regularly on Friday afternoons and Wednesday evenings, and a gospel meeting on Tuesday evenings has been added. On Saturday afternoons is held a sewing school, now numbering one hundred

and sixty children, to whom a Bible lesson is also given.

On Sundays a Bible class is held in the forenoon; and in the afternoon a class for street boys, one hour, followed by a general prayer meeting. In the evening a few young ladies have the privilege of the chapel for the instruction of some Chinese.

At the close of the second year, October, 1888, Mrs. Thompson removed from the Cedar Avenue home to the academy building, which is furnished with accommodations for a family, and at present resides there. This change became important because of the distance between the two places.

Those whose sympathies have been engaged by this story will be pleased to know that "sister Mary," Mrs. Beattie, more than once mentioned, has been in the home for more than a year, together with her husband and daughter, deeply interested and sharing in the work.

The two "blind" boys continue to see. The neglect of their education by reason of their blindness, together with a natural dullness, placed them both at a disadvantage. The older one has

for some time been at the state school for feeble minded youth, located at Columbus; and excellent reports are received of his progress. The other will probably soon be sent to enjoy the same privileges.

During the time since this "Faith Rest" has been opened, now nearly three years, there have been many instances of God's blessing upon the prayer of faith for the healing of the sick; and those who are engaged in the work feel strong encouragement in continuing it.

THE EDITOR.

APPENDIX.

NOTES

By the Editor

Note 1. The Message. Joel iii : 13, 14.

(P. 13.)

The believing reader will easily undersand that the same gracious One who subsequently wrought the healing gave also this message. It was no chance text, even though it was not at the time understood. God does not so deal.

The sickle is a harvest tool. "The harvest is the end of the world." Matt. xiii : 39 ; Rev. xiv : 14-16 ; Mark iv : 29. The message points to no ordinary service of comfort to the needy, but to nothing less than what the words themselves declare, the approach of the great "day of the Lord," and the events of "the valley of decision." It promised the sick one that she should not only stand upon her feet again, but should be permitted to do some service for the Lord in the hastening of this great final event. The incidents

immediately connected aid in showing the Lord's meaning. What religious system was that with which she was surrounded when these words came to her? The issue between the Bride and the Bride's great rival will culminate in that valley of decision. Again, what took place when this disciple of Jesus attempted to act upon what she understood of the sickle service? One thirsty soul was drawn to her side by the influence of grace to learn something of the ways of Jesus, and then—came no more. Then the song that came, quite unintentionally, to this would-be reaper's lips, as fit to be sung in that religious house, was that sad one, "Must I go, and empty-handed?" and when at last the disciple of Jesus was taken out, certain lips were made ready to say that the light of that house had gone out. Rev. xviii : 4, 23. Jesus is the Light; and the humblest disciple may thus be the light-bearer. The Lord does not speak in vain. "Blessed is she that believed; for there shall be a fulfilment of the things which have been spoken to her from the Lord." This also is true for all those who believe.

Note 2. The Vision of the Dark Waters.

(P. 32.)

If any are distrustful of visions, let them draw near to God, and they will be safe from misleading. God will interpret his own, and expose the false. There are indeed false visions, as there are false prophecy and false teaching. The test in every case is in the Word of God. Is. viii : 19, 20. But even with this test those who are far from God are liable to be deceived, for "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God," "because they are spiritually judged." 1 Cor. ii : 14. Whether in visions or in any thing else there is no safety apart from God. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil does not yield safe fruit apart from the tree of life. But the Holy Spirit has expressly promised visions and dreams. Acts ii : 17. They are among the tokens of his powerful presence, and are therefore to be welcomed, examined, interpreted.

Every thing depends upon the interpretation. For this we are to look directly to God's Word,

not to popular notions. "No prophecy of the Scripture," and also no divinely given vision, "is of any private interpretation." 2 Pet. i : 20. The visions in this narrative certainly seem to be from the same One who wrought the healing. Their meaning, therefore, is to be sought in the light of the divine oracles.

The crossing of the Jordan by the Israelites into the land of Canaan is not, as popularly conceived, a type of death as a passage to Heaven. This is plain the moment we observe the wars and other events which took place on the other side. The name, Jordan, the Descending, is given to this stream on account of its swift, rushing current, representing the driving activity of human life, whether religious or secular. But the conception of a river of death is in perfect harmony with the Scriptural symbol of a river, a stream of humanity moving on under some common control. Its waters are indeed dark and gloomy. Nothing but the presence of Jesus can sustain the soul that must pass through. They are roaring waters, very threatening, uttering the authority of him who has the power of death,

that is the Devil. Heb. ii : 14. Death is the last enemy that is to be abolished, (1 Cor. xv : 26,) and so great is the authority of the Devil in it that he has succeeded in brow-beating the whole human race, compelling them to accept it as inevitable, and to make no effort to escape.

Natural life approaching the grave is like a dark tunnel. To those who are unrenewed there is no light; but to the child of God the tunnel opens through to a light which is faint when faith is faint, but which increases as the eye is fixed upon Jesus, who is, in his own person, the resurrection and the life. "The path of the righteous is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." But what is the significance if the perfect day comes before the dark river is reached? Can the reader interpret and accept this wonderful privilege? "In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death." No death! Prov. xii : 28. The grave does not legitimately lie in the pathway of righteousness. Jesus said, "Who-soever liveth and believeth on me shall never die." John xi : 26. "The law of the Spirit of life

in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and death." He "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Then those rainbow tints as associated with the dark flood, how significant in the light of God's word! The covenant of the bow in the cloud was given to Noah as a pledge against a future flood. Gen. ix : 8-17. The deluge in his day was a great flood of death, fit sequel to the ungodly flood of humanity with which the earth was already covered. Gen. vi : 1-8. He who is the light of the world was received into a cloud out of our sight. Acts i : 9. The rainbow in the cloud, typically speaking, is the effect of his brightness shining out for our hope. The voice in the vision said, "Keep your eye on Jesus;" and as the eye obeyed, the light developed into the prismatic beauties of that covenant glory. The flood, the dark river of death, was then powerless, despite all its raging.

These roaring waters attacked the feet, as if seeking to destroy that standing in Christ which alone would make it possible to resist their power. The waves tossed themselves nearly to

the neck. Cf. Is. viii : 8 ; xxx : 28 ; Matt. xviii : 6. The neck, as sustaining the head, is, in Scriptural symbol, that by which headship is held up and recognized. Those who are self-willed are described as stiff-necked. In subjugation, on the contrary, the neck receives the yoke. Acts xv : 10 ; Jer. xxviii : 14. The father fell upon the neck of his prodigal son, and kissed him, because he found himself restored to a father's relation, the headship of love, to his now penitent child. The neck of the Bride of Christ is beautiful and graceful, (Cant. i : 10 ; iv : 4, 9 ; vil : 4,) because from the depth of her being she delights in the headship of the Bridegroom. In the vision, therefore, the authority of the river of death aimed at the neck, as if to frighten this disciple from maintaining the headship of Jesus, whom she had declared she would trust even though death should come.

On the other side were those who had crossed the river. It is only the redeemed who cross. The rest are borne down by the stream. The beckoning and the charge show that one interest includes those on both sides. The significance

of the charge is more than personal. The daughter on this side, and the daughter on that, are to be cared for by the mothers. The weak on this side are to be helped by the strong, by those whose faith has grown through such trials as these. Rom. xv : 1; John xxi : 15. So those of weaker faith who have passed over, and who are waiting, with less understanding than the stronger, for the Lord's final victory, are undoubtedly encouraged by those whose spiritual sight has become more penetrating in the ways and purposes of God. Weak Lazarus reclines in strong Abraham's bosom. It would not be strange, also, if a mother addressed as in this vision should feel a special interest in the ministry of a daughter thus committed to her.

Note 3. The Vision of the Tree of Life.

(P. 34.)

The difference between this vision and the former one is important. The authority of death was now overcome. There was no dark approach, no roaring of the waves, and the waters made no assault, and imparted no chill. The voice was no longer heard, because, with death conquered, the heavenly mother Jerusalem herself is to come into union with her earthly child, the holy and beloved people of God. The tree of life with its various fruits (Rev. xxii : 2), was seen across the river of death. But the tree of life is not watered by the river of death. In Eden it was watered by the river of Eden. Gen. ii : 9, 10. In the new Jerusalem it is watered by the river of the water of life. (See also Ezek. xlvii : 12.) It is a tree that sustains eternal life for the whole man, including his body. Eternal bodily life with a fallen nature would be an eternal evil. Hence the tree was cut off from Adam and Eve. Gen. iii : 22-24 But to him who through Christ over-

comes the fall and its effects, the privilege of the tree is restored. Rev. ii : 7. In the vision the subdued authority of death lay between. There are three ways of encountering this river. First, the impenitent are swallowed up and borne down the stream. Secondly, the believer who has not conquered death wades across—for the believer who dies has precisely the same physical experience in death as the unbeliever—but on the other side awaits a glorious resurrection. Thirdly, as in the types of the Red Sea and the Jordan, a pathway is opened for the victorious saint by the shepherd's rod and the ark of the covenant, and he passes through as if there were no such river. Ex. xiv; Josh. iii. He obtains the resurrection change without dying. Rom. viii : 11; John xi : 26. This is the promise of the vision. It was not for her alone who saw it. Her happy lot is to minister to others. All things are possible to him that believeth. It is an invitation and privilege to be laid hold of by faith, not to be idly assumed merely because it is promised.

Note 4. The Vision of the Starry Crown.

(P. 40.)

The popular notion that converts are stars in the crowns of those who win them is not found in the Scriptures. The only crown of stars there mentioned is that upon the head of the sun-clothed woman who gives birth to the man-child who is to rule all nations with a rod of iron. Rev. xii. Stars, instead of representing converts, represent those who win many to righteousness (Dan. xii : 3), and those whom the Saviour employs as messengers or ministers to his churches. Rev. i : 16, 20. The suffering church, when she has conceived Christ within her, and is longing for his triumphant birth in the power of the last days, reigns, not by her own decrees or her own ministry, but by a ministry appointed and powerfully furnished by Christ himself. She does not hold the crown in her own hand. She is not the manager. It is on her head, and her Head is Christ. The prophecy of Isaiah (lxii : 3), with a

slightly different figure, makes her to be, herself, "A crown of beauty in the hand of the LORD, and a royal diadem in the hand of" her "God." That is, he reigns by her because in her, and he reigns by holding in his hand, his right hand, the stars that he sends to her. Rev. i : 20. This is where the crown was seen in the vision, in the Saviour's hand, as he sat upon the throne, the place of kingly rule.

He turned the crown slowly around to show, first, that he already has with him many reigning ones; (Matt. xxvii : 53; Rev. iii : 21; iv : 4; xx : 4;) secondly, that there is a lack in his ministry, (Eph. iv : 11-16 ; 1 Cor. xii ;) and, thirdly, that he intends to make up this lack, and bring his kingdom to its completion. "The end of all things is at hand." In the early days of the Holy Spirit's presence the Lord had an apostolic ministry endued with authority and power from heaven. At the present time there is a place vacant in the crown. Such a ministry is wanting. But, in accordance with the promise of the Holy Spirit for the last days, it is to be revived. The regal power of the ascended Jesus is to come into full

exercise in his real church, now hidden and despised; and "then cometh the end."

The personal bearing of this vision upon the one to whom it was given is evidently this, that she is to have a happy part in the hastening of this glory, and is to share Zion's honor at the hand of her Lord. All this is conditioned upon faith and faithfulness. But the river of the water of life flows freely for all, and whosoever thirsts, let him drink even here.

REV. W. H. WILSON'S
INAUGURAL GIFT
FOR THE
CLEVELAND HOME.

OUR NEW YEAR'S OFFERING

TO

MRS. ANNA L. THOMPSON

IN

HER WORK OF FAITH,

LABOR OF LOVE,

AND

PATIENCE OF HOPE.

W. H. WILSON.

F. S. WILSON.

TIME'S GOLDEN CHAIN.

New Name.

JUNE.

Rev iii. 12.

New Covenant.

JULY.

Heb. viii : 8.

New Food.

MAY.

1 Pet. ii : 2.

New
Commandment.

AUGUST.

John xiii : 34.

New Song.

APRIL.

Psa. xl : 3.

OPEN DOOR

OF

1886.

New Way.

SEPTEMBER.

Isa. xliii : 19.

New Tongue.

MARCH.

Mark xvi : 17.

Joel ii : 26, 28.

New Mercies.

OCTOBER.

Lam. iii : 23.

New Heart.

FEBRUARY.

Ezek. xxxvi : 26.

*"Behold, I make
all things new."*

New Fruit.

NOVEMBER.

Ezek. xlvii : 12.

New Creation.

JANUARY.

2 Cor. v : 17.

New Home.

DECEMBER.

Rev. xxi : 1.

PSALM

xxxvi : 15.

ACTS

i : 7.

THE COMING YEAR.

“Is the work difficult ?
 Jesus directs thee ;
Is the path dangerous ?
 Jesus protects thee.
Fear not and falter not,
 Let the Word cheer thee ;
All through the coming year
 He will be with thee.”

F. R. Havergal.

OUR LETTER OF INCENSE

FOR

YOUR HOME ALTAR.

Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto all the dear suffering ones who seek the healing, saving, comforting balm of our good and great Physician through your consecration, faith and prayers. May the rich aroma of heavenly breathing, and the sweet atmosphere of divine rest, spread through all the rooms of the sanctuary of your home. May He, the divine Comforter, nestle all its inmates under his wings, and cover them with his feathers, ministering health to the sick, sleep to the restless, hope to the despairing, and joy to the sorrowing.

FIRE FOR THE ALTAR.

The God that answereth by fire, let him be God. God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost and with power, who went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the Devil, for God was with him. Is anything too hard for the Lord? Your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldest believe thou shouldest see the glory of God? In the lifeless body of Lazarus was death swallowed up in victory, for he was made alive by the word of Jesus. All the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us. He healeth all thy diseases, He forgiveth all thine iniquities, and redeemeth thy life from death. The prayer of faith shall save the sick, sanctify, and heal. Praise God!

OPEN VISIONS

IN THE GLASS OF GOD'S GLORY.

HOLY BIBLE.

Abide in me, and I in you.

Name shall be called, Wonderful.

Nothing for God to help.

A new commandment I give unto thee.

Love them as I have loved you.

Testify the gospel of the grace of God.

Holiness unto the Lord.

Open door of faith be given me.

Mystery of faith in good conscience.

Power of the Highest shall overshadow thee.

Secret of the Lord is with them that fear him.

Offer the sacrifice of praise continually.

Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the throne of his glory with exceeding joy, to him be glory for ever. Amen.

FULL ASSURANCE.

How safe I am ! The eternal God
Has pledged himself for my defense ;
My Rock, my Shield, my Sure Abode :
My Refuge is Omnipotence.
Thus, sheltered by the Almighty Arm,
I rest secure from every harm.

How safe I am if death should come
And quickly summon me away !
Welcome the hour that calls me home
To the bright realms of endless day.
Death is the portal to the sky —
How gladly will I soar on high !

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